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telegraph in those days, but Merlin has better to his master than all the telegraphs & telephone in the world, for there can only tell what has been told to them, still he whispered ^{truthful} secretly in the King's ear that had never before been ~~the~~ known to man. He was as clever as he was wise. & as he was ~~had~~ had a wonderful royal palace in the city of ~~Belians~~, had made King Arthur's famous Round Table, the King's Chair of State, & now he was examining Sir Lancelot's work in perspective with careful & approving eye, while the old knight looked on. ~~sleepy~~ & ~~champester~~ as a girl, wondering what the young master would say to this work.

For this strong Sir Lancelot, who could read the future like a print book, could not ^{but} marvel he had a mind to, was not an old man at all, but ~~a~~ ^{as} a ~~feast~~ child, beardless youth with changelings eye & supple frame. People said that, young as he looked, he could remember all about Noah & the Flood if he liked, but they took care not to say much about Merlin, for folk believed he could hear ^{my} ~~the~~ fish swim in the ^{as to family affairs} ~~sea~~ & know ~~the language~~ of the birds.

"What sayst thou Merlin?" cried the King, & Merlin was at his side, with his hawk-eyes fixed on the child, who returned his ^{as} ~~perplexed~~ as why should she not be her innocence?" "Call her Helena, sir, after that princess of

your race who turned to weeds & rotteness
to hearts of men?

And Helene she was called, though at the name
her father's face fell, for he thought it an unlucky
omen for ~~the~~ ^{the} father of his child.

"Be not dismayed at a name:
Sorrow still brings thee but never shame.
And the sorrow shall pass in joy!"

Hall turned sharply away when this abrupt
plumpest-corn from, other, by his side
was Merlin, clenching the carving of heavy
weights and mourning for anything else.

"Will be ready to depart with us by cock-crow,
nephew? We have need of thee in our wars!"
"Yea, sire!" command me, said Hall, but
he gave one final look at his daughter, who
knew that his heart had a horn again, that
there was something ^{on} torn back to if he
lived, something ^{one} to think upon if he fell
in battle.

"My father, how is it? The little boys & girls
of the ^{present} ~~days~~ play with each other, & I have none
to play with!"

The little lady spoke with great precision, the
words came out so clear & sweet, that if you
shut your eyes would believe very much
you might fancy every word was a dropping
pearl.

A sad look came into Duke Hall's eyes
as he lifted his dairily-slaughtered:-

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for hands, smothering else but tight bandages of
fine white linen.

Never did the nurse see such Noel enter the bower,
than she arose, ^{and went to him} carrying the baby high in both
hands; & kneeling on one knee amongst the
peach-thorn bushes, she presented the little
girl to her father.

Now the odd thing was, the duck did not know
what to do with a baby: he held out his great
right-hand flat, & all the nurse could do
was to lay the baby upon it like a herring on
a dish, for she ^{now} ~~dares~~ ~~and~~ ~~instructs~~ her master,
What to do with it next! That was the question.
The baby pattered up her small red feet, & her
gaffer pattered up his tomatot, & thought it was
no great thing after all to have a baby.

"This her," said the master.
So he carried her up to his mouth, laying her in
his own hand, & smothered the little face in his
soft curly black beard. ^{so that} The baby spluttered
& choked.

"Bring her to me!" called he another in a
peep-fright: & with many glad Noel was to get
rid of this little daughter.

And mighty glad was her mother to get back to
little girl says round, ^{to the} coast master,
& cuddled her. And by & by, the two went to
sleep.

But before it was light the next morning, old
Noel was awakened in the middle of happy
dreams by a terrible sound of wailing. He
rubbed his eyes & sat upon bed, for he thought
told him he was dreaming still; but no, the
wilder awake he became, the more he heard it, and

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a ^{shriek} ~~falling~~ cry of quick, now the sonnen-
genie unutterable.
17. 1. 1946. this last - sample

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"To mourners!" he cried, his heart - stark
like lead, as chill as the cold of death struck
him ~~at~~ ^{at} his bone. He staggered out of bed
into his clothes like a drunken man; but
it was with woe, not with wine he was drunk;
there was no need to tell him what had
happened: he knew well enough that it was not
the little new-born baby the mourners were
bewailing. "His bride he shall find" - over
and over those words kept ringing in his
ears he could not get the life of him help
them to himself.

saying them to himself.
The door of this chamber was opened cautiously
& Isolom the steward of the palace came in
with white face & sorrowstricken feet. Whether
the duke was leaning against the wall like a
man disengaged, his lips moving all the time
with the words 'his bride he shall give!'
They took his cold hands and laid them in the
chamber where his lady lay, white & beautiful.
The room was filled with the mourners, beating
their breasts, swaying their bodies, & filling
the palace with their cries of grief.

Dear Dark Noel!
"Morn! Morn! Morn!" went wailing
through half passage, & the echoes caught
repeated ~~the~~ ^{the} sound & cried "Morn!" How dogs on
men kennels took up the wail; the air was
filled with sounds of mourning.

Post Auto Karl

In Christening.

"And, indeed, my elder sister, this is right - that my

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"Can't you play with your old dad? won't you
have me for your mate? Or is my little maid
tired of her papa?"

But he hardly got out the words before his
mouth was stopped with kisses soft - white
arms squeezed his neck hard & big blue
eyes brimming with tears ~~gaped~~ ^{into} his
gill of ~~pain~~ ^{soft} reproach. It was long
before the ~~her~~ father could comfort ~~poor~~ ^{poor} Helene: he told her many tales, & described
her countries, & talked ^{on} of the fine
things they would do when she was a ~~growing~~^{young}
princess, but - all the time the child lay still
softly in her father's arms without a word
or a wail. Then ~~had~~ be thought him but
a fellow with him was also ^{up} the best man
in the meadows which now & then cover
over his little maid: who ordered ~~him~~
white pony. Grinneres - the gift of the Queen - &
he brought ^{romant} with his own black ^{leap},
the least rose-pink of gladness came into
Helene's cheek as she set her daintily-judged ^{hand}
on the hand of her squire ^{reproving} like a bird
into the saddle.

At first the two walked their horses, & then
was no talk: but Grinneres was quivering
with the pleasure of the sweet-spring air, &
longed to stretch her legs across the
plains, how could her master hold her
back from any pleasure? The walk became
a gallop; horses & riders horses & riders flew ^{over}

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over the ploway plain, away away o'er west, &
then it less-they drew near, Helene had the
smell of the sea in her nostrils the taste of it
on her lips her eyes were dancing the heart
beating for joy in the sea o'er earth.

How could she help but be glad? Then, right over
head at a great height was a ~~little~~ dark speck
no bigger than a hazel nut - to look at, downing
out of his little throat-crust a frosty egg over
the fields & sky over full of it, over flowers!
Now that the horses were walking, she had time
to look at them: there were crowds of yellow
daffodils nodding in the breeze. Sweet primroses
pink as snow in February, the blue-bells
stretching away among the bushes exactly
like a piece of blue sky laid down on the
green earth. And that reminded Helene of
one of her puzzles: the blue-bells at a distance
~~the sky~~ looked exactly like the sky: now,
that is all the sky over really made of
blue-bells, the blue-bells in the wood
^{from from} over just a ~~corn~~ corn of the seeds dropped down?
But - course that was a question she could
not ask her father or anybody: indeed
little girls have a great many puzzles they
don't like to speak about. And that reminds
her of her little trouble of the morning, e.g.
the question she really did wish to ask
her father.

"Mother, if you will be good, and say any
more things about - talk of my father! I will
tell you about it."

"I must try to be a good boy! What is it that
my father will tell me about?"

"That

" That - is just it. You are not - a boy at all, but ^{100 pages less} a great big, wise, wise father. And I want to tell you - my - Schmoll likes a little girl as a little boy - I think Schmoll likes a little boy best - to play with me sometimes "

"And that is just what I want to know, sir, my
wife your father do for you next as well as
any little boy?"

"Well, you see, father, you can't understand things."

"Oh, m'ts it is it? I must go to school again," said
the uncle, laughing. "But come now, little friend,
don't you think your father knows as much
about most things as you young boy put
together?"

"And could you tell me all you everything?"

"Oh, no, but I could tell him a world wonder,
too: there are so many things wonderful
about it."

all the way home. Sol did not talk very much. He was wondering what his little girl had said, wishing he knew who to find to a playmate for her.

It is a curious fact, that, if you wish for anything a great deal, it generally comes. If you have wished in a cross, discontented way, the thing you have wished for comes, & makes you unhappy; but if you have been good as the time you are wishing, the thing comes as a gift - makes you very glad & thankful.

The very next day after the ride to the cross, a wonderful & delightful thing happened to the princesses Helene: she was walking in the forest with good mrs. Jamal, getting happy enough became good little girls, whether they are princesses or peasants, are unusually happy; in fact amongst the flowers she stopped, trying to catch a butterfly in her broidered handkerchief, when, all of a sudden, the light-brisk clatter of horses' hoofs caught her ear.

"My father or Isobel" she cried, to cross ~~Janet~~, standing breathless, prepared up in the middle of a bed of gillyflowers.

"No, it can't be my father, it is a lighter horse & a lighter rider. Who can it be?"

And then, all at once, a bright flesh spread over neck arose with the sudden hope,

"Can it, can it be my playfellow?"

And then, saw enough, came canting into the court, a small, wonderful Arab horse, with the most beautiful boy on his back that ever a princess dreamed of.

He caught sight of the lady with ready saluting

standing amongst the flowers, just like poor white marble people who live in gardens. In a twinkling, he had leapt from his horse, & was clanging, plumed cap in hand, to address her.

"Do you always live in flower beds?"

Now Helene had but time to recollect herself, & answered very quickly, just like a princess,

"No; only when I wish to catch butterflies."

"Oh, never catch butterflies! you do not know who they are! But what are you?"

"I do not understand what you mean."

"You are such a beautiful thing! a great deal prettier than a king, a fisher, or a peasant. I never saw anything like you. Tell me what you are!"

"I am a princess, & and I am a little girl; is that not you mean?"

"Oh, you are a little girl! I see lots more little girls, or than many?"

"There are some little peasant-girls in the village."

"Are they like you?"

Now this was a hard question for Helene to answer. She thought she was nicer than no rough little girls of the village, but she did not like to say so.

"I don't know," said Helene.

"Don't you know? How young! I should know in a minute, have they hair like daffodils, & eyes like blue-bells, & a covering especially as a kingfisher's feathers?"

But Helene could not look the beautiful boy in the face for shame. She had never told a fib be-

before such world has gather say?

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"Enter a story; I think they'd end - sonice."

The boy looked bewildered. Why did this little girl cast down her eyes except in anticipation? What was the matter with her? What did she mean by a story? He didn't know what to say next.

Then Helena looked out of the corners of her eyes to see why he did not speak; & he saw two rings, the boy's puzzled face, & that his hand was pestered with a great pearl as big as a pigeon's egg.

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"What a beautiful big pearl you have!" she said.

"Yes," said he, "that's the only thing I've got. It shows that I'm a prince. So they call me Prince Peeler."

"But doesn't your father tell them you're a
prince? I haven't got a pearl, but everybody
knows I'm princess Helena."

"I haven't got a father. What is a father?"

"Haven't you got a father? Poor little boy." And Helen's blue eyes filled. "Oh, a father's the beautifullest wisest big man in the world, with black hair like yours, and black hair. But - you shall see my father, & have him for your very own, soon & live with my father some world you like?"

Prince Rearin had nothing to answer, for before a very moment came a louder clatter of hoofs and he rode to the door on his black charger.

He did not know that he wrote you pretty wrong
before him, - his little girl, still among the tulip flowers,